

*The Lion Inside of Me is Yawning*

I've never considered myself  
a tough man

sure,  
I've broken a few noses  
but mostly as a boy  
on the playground

and I've drank  
my fair share  
of hard liquor  
and spent  
some time  
with loose women  
running my fingers  
along the inside of their  
bruised thighs

but I've always  
thought deep down  
that I wore a jacket that  
could shield me from  
that life

that the softness that  
grew inside of me  
was the thing  
the *woman of my dreams*  
would find in my eyes  
when she finally  
came along

but I am a confused man  
for I look back upon  
the times I've spent  
with that woman

and part of me is ashamed  
of how sentimental  
she can make me

how she can  
mix me up

how she can  
wreck me  
with her eyes

and all the  
bravado  
that was never truly there  
melts from me

and I am  
*vulnerable*

yes,  
she has a good grip  
around my heart  
and she could squash it  
like an olive if she wanted to,

I guess  
that is the true  
meaning of reckless,  
putting your heart  
in someone else's hands  
and having nothing  
but hope  
that they don't  
throw it away-

The lion inside of me is yawning  
for it's been fighting and fighting for  
so long

it just  
wants to rest in lover's  
arms

put its head down  
in her lap and mumble,  
"love me"

and  
I've never cried  
in front of a woman  
but when she runs her long fingers  
over my face and through my hair  
and those very eyes  
that wreck me  
are staring into mine  
telling me all the secrets  
she is too afraid  
to speak

my eyes redden

the tears struggling  
to hide behind  
them,

I am not afraid

and she knows  
I'd be hers

if only  
she'd ask  
me.